

NORTHWESTERN STATE UNIVERSITY



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ART

Patrons

Crit and Carla Rogers

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Watson

On Making a Cover . . .

The cover for the Spring 1977 issue of ARGUS was created by Bill Cherry, a senior from Shreveport. It represents his interpretation of the Argus myth. As we've explained before (and no doubt will again), Argus was a giant creature with a hundred eyes. While some of his eyes "slept," he kept watch with the others. We took the name Argus for our magazine with the idea that the many-eyed one of old could be used to symbolize the diverse viewpoints of artists on the NSU campus. Bill has chosen to interpret Argus in human terms, as a person with streaming hair containing a myriad of eyes. Whether that person is a man or a woman is open to speculation.

Editor's Column

By RICHARD N. FLETCHER

I once heard a faculty member say that all college literary magazines are vanity presses. If that is indeed the case, then we staff members have little to be proud of, as all our efforts only serve to feed the narcissistic impulses of campus artists, but I, for one, think that such an attitude is a lot of bunk. The fact is we're trying, we're doing something to stimulate artistic expression and not just idly lamenting the sad state of the arts here on our campus. We want to encourage students to write poetry, to paint and sketch, to capture that one photographic moment — and to share their works with the community. If faculty members would inject as much effort and enthusiasm into their classrooms as we expend on this magazine, they might be amazed at the results.

And then there is the question of another kind of support for the arts. The Music, Art, Drama, and Language departments suffer not from a lack of talent, but from a lack of money — money which administrators infuse into other programs. The ordering of priorities is all too evident.

Student response to our call earlier in the semester for submissions confirms the need for a medium such as ARGUS. For this issue we received over eighty poems, from which we have chosen twenty or so for publication. We found prose to be in short supply, however, and we hope that in the fall we'll be able to feature more short stories. Photography was also a scarce commodity, but we were quite pleased by the response of our artists. We only regret that we were limited in the number of works we could print. The limiting factor was space. Perhaps in future editions that will be a lesser consideration. At the beginning of the semester we also had hopes for a graffiti page,

but those hopes went down the toilet, so to speak. We did have fun reading the few contributions we received, though.

We on the staff do not profess to be authorities on literature, photography, or art, although we possess broad and diverse backgrounds of study and interests. For the critiquing of poetry and prose we devised a system which assures anonymity of the author and allows staff members to be objective in their critiques. In choosing the art and photography, we sought to offer a representative sampling of student work. Our task has not been easy. Disagreements over inclusion of some pieces and exclusion of others still exist among us, but as a whole we're proud of this second issue.

Without the financial assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Crit Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson, ARGUS would not exist. We are very grateful to them for their generosity and interest. We also want to extend our sincere appreciation to Mr. J. C. Carlin, Mr. Gary Spangler, and the employees of Louisiana Offset Printers, Inc. of Alexandria for their patience and assistance in publishing this magazine.

Ultimately, the success or failure of this publication rests with the student body. We are not a school-funded project, so we depend heavily on the revenue generated by sales to finance the next issue. We won't be publishing an issue during the summer, but once the fall semester begins, we'll be soliciting contributions for our third edition.

We invite your questions and comments concerning this issue. They may be addressed to ARGUS, Room 316-L, Department of Languages.

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LITERATURE LITERATURE LITERATURE LITERATURE

In This Slow Spring

In this slow Spring
Trees run out their branches at the air
And grope through their roots for rain;
Small animals frisk the leaved ground;
Birds tear the sky.
I hear the low music of despair,
Incongruous in Spring.

BOB GADDIS



By SCOTT ROS

My Banquet

Be not the watermelon of my life:

thick-skinned, seedy, sweet, and not at all nourishing.

Be not the salad:

green and crisp and assuming the personality of your dressing.

Be not the jello:

cold, flacidly firm, and always room for more because you're moldable.

Be not the salt:

cheap, common, supposedly pure, and Lord knows what Lot you come from.

Be not the wine:

bitter, intoxicating, and after a momentary pleasure, a hangover.

Be not the china:

designed to be washed and used over and over and over again.

Just be yourself And I'll be a cannibal.

ROGER D. ADAMS

NUTS or Food for the Squirrels

I.

Royalty is red.
It sits on a throne
Then goes for walks
When it wants some alone.

II.

Sun in the rose
And blue is the bird's
So that the squirrels
Might play in the words.

III.

Knights in dawning
Their wenches kiss
Off to crusade
To find what they miss.

IV.

Chivalry dead
And blood not blue,
Life is for living —
Inclusive me, inclusive you.

ALLEN M. FORD

The Generation

who, standing on the corner
braves the frost; icicles on your nose
and in summer bake in your jackets
and play hide-and-seek in the shade

a salute.

this is to the lovers of the old
frame building and
bottle box dream strewn alley behind

and to you who caress your
faithful bottles and beg me for
a dime, you who dare the cars to screeching halts
as you stagger across

a salute.

my admiration to The Lady who
sleeps uninhibited on her porch
in her slip and matted wig

an award to Zeno who
D.J.s them into oblivion and
yells his amplified ego trips
to the neighborhood.

a salute.

to the man who fell down
and lost his pants (having lost
his underwear at some point before)
and to the man who relieved himself in front of me
coming from the store
you said "I'm sorry, baby"

I'm sorry too
for the boys just like you,
once
who stand on another
corner with they joints jive

waiting

DENISE Y. LEWIS

SPECTER

A Cinquain

These are

The denizens,

Rising, reaching...these are

The children of napalm heaving

A sigh.

RICHARD N. FLETCHER

To All The Moral Men

With two-edged swords of white-hot righteousness,
You bloody the earth in your crusades against sin,
Not caring who is massacred or mutilated
In the wake of your virtuous plunder
Through loveless, unforgiving campaigns against it.
The fires of hell are fueled with your morality.
Not hypocritical, you naively believe
That God and goodness are your allies.
You stand the proud victors
In the armor-shroud that is your faith,
Gazing over the battle field
Soaked with the gore of the immoral men
You have cut down,
Insensitive to mercy,
Impregnable to love,
God himself cannot touch you.

VICTORIA TUCKER

Silence Is Rusty

The sunset found us
Walking in silence
At the water's edge,
Splashing sudsy waves
With bare feet.
I wanted to ask you
Why we never talked,
But the lump in my throat
Discouraged me.
And I walked on uneasy.

Later, snugly on the porch swing
We talked
Long enough to dilute doubts,
Till mosquitoes
Drove us inside.
You returned to your world,
Drowned yourself in a book
Drowning me out.
The silence returned,
More toxic
Than ever.

KIM RUSHING

UNAWARES

How strange it seems that suddenly I know
How dear you are to me, when for so long
I've heard with casual pleasure your "hello."
(Why should it now thrill through me like a song?)
I thought it natural that we got along
So well — our tastes, it seemed, were much the same—
Beethoven, Browning, chess, and coffee strong
Enough to stand alone. I liked your name...

But love? No. We had never thought to fall
Like common mortals. Yet today we walked
Together, shy and awkward; scarcely talked
Except to wonder at our strangeness. All
You did was smile — and we were caught off guard.
The kiss came almost of its own accord.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

TEMPLETON

I always was in awe of her,
The shock of red, loud laugh, proud stance,
A constant drunk, a half-smoked joint...
Too much for one mere body to survive.
She'd say, "Hell, I don't really give a damn"
And laugh, turn on defiant heel, to look at you as if to say,
"I see through you and all your bigot self."

I heard not long ago she died,
Not by her hand as she had always bet,
But from a head-on with some drunken fool
Who might have heard her laugh as crashing metal met...
As death came close to make the chilly claim,
She doubtless turned to look into his face
And said, "Hell, I don't really give a damn."

SONDRA SMITH

Untitled

My aunt, flat on her back
Needles in her arms
Pumping not life, but existence
Into her body,
And I pray for an end to the suffering,
Not hers, mine.

I taste the bitterness
And feel the sting
Of salty tears
Burning my grandmother's wrinkled cheeks
Though my own are dry.

Strangers comfort me
Tell me she is ready, not to worry,
I nod.
I am ready, too,
Ready for white sheets
To cover her pained expressions
And muffle her moans.

KIM RUSHING

Elephants Never Forget

I wish I could recall
when I was moved
by nature

the last time I thought
grass beneath my feet
felt good
flowers smelled sweet,
or
the sky was beautiful.

I wish I could recall
when babies were
a miracle
and so were grandmothers
and love was
something that happened
when you got married.

I wish I could recall
these things. . .

DENISE Y. LEWIS



To Progress

All your ways are steel,
All your laughter cries,
Your mouth is aluminum,
You have plastic eyes.

Concrete is your chorus,
Chrome your poetry,
Your story is a number,
And your name a forgery.

BOB GADDIS

By BILLY GINGLES

city at evening

the horns of
trucks and cars and bicycles and buses
make brazen bursting counterpoint of cacaphony
in the city street
while stylish women and hurried important men
surge in waves about the firmly planted granite feet
of the tall buildings
and insolent fat pigeons strut
about the pavement seeking scraps
the neon signs scream a litany
in hot harsh pink and red and orange
homage to the great god consumer
and from the factory smokestacks
the dark gray boa constrictors of smoke slither up
to strangle the stars.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

BIGMAMA

Hazel was her name,
Though I don't remember looking
To note the color of her eyes.
Perhaps they were hidden
Behind bifocals,
More likely, though, I never looked,
At least, not beyond the wrinkles.

I remember watching her.
Tiny, delicate frame
Wrapped in a simple dress
Of subtle, almost sad color
Sewn on her pump treadle.
She moved slowly, but with purpose
Among her plants and her cats
To her favorite rocker on the porch.
(Mama told me, once, that she quilted and
covered the old rocker herself.)

With BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS on
her lap
she began to rock.

I went back to my brooding.
"Lovely," she sighed,
And following her gaze
I looked beyond the screens of the porch,
Only to see her green,
Though poorly attended yard.

Bigmama, it seemed,
Was unaware of the parties,
The dancing to quadrophonic sounds
That were happening back in the city,
Without me.
She looked embarrassed
As I shook my head.
I wonder if she saw the pity in my eyes?

Soon, the family bade her move to the city
To leave behind her memories
And her garden
For an all-electric efficiency,
Complete with dishwasher
And instant cornbread mix,
Where she could watch the sun rise
On a concrete lot,
And die under indirect lighting.

KIM RUSHING

APRIL NIGHT (A Nocturne)

The evening air is gentle, soft as wool
Carded on the fresh green sharpness
Of pine needles. In the darkened yard
Sweet-olive fragrance, all-enveloping,
Lingers like a pleasant memory.
The moon's face shines soft silver,
Polished clean by wind flung rags
Of damp gray cloud. Below, in dew wet grass,
The hidden green frogs shrill an ostinato
To the soulful improvisations of a mockingbird.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

NIGHTFALL

Idly now the drowsy earth
Lets the heavy sun slip from her lap,
Draws the dusk about her like a cloak,
And clasps it with a single burnished star.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

BAYOU WILLOWS

The willows wade at the bayou's edge.
Slender trunks ankle deep in earth brown water,
Poised, leaning lightly for balance, they stand
In the slow-flowing shallows, but hold
Out of reach of the earth dark current
Their newly donned garments of spring.
Wading in dark brown mud, they lift
Slender arms full of pale green lace.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT

A falling star

I have seen
a star
roll across the world,
leaving its sparkling, twinkling trail
dancing upon the dark
heaven.

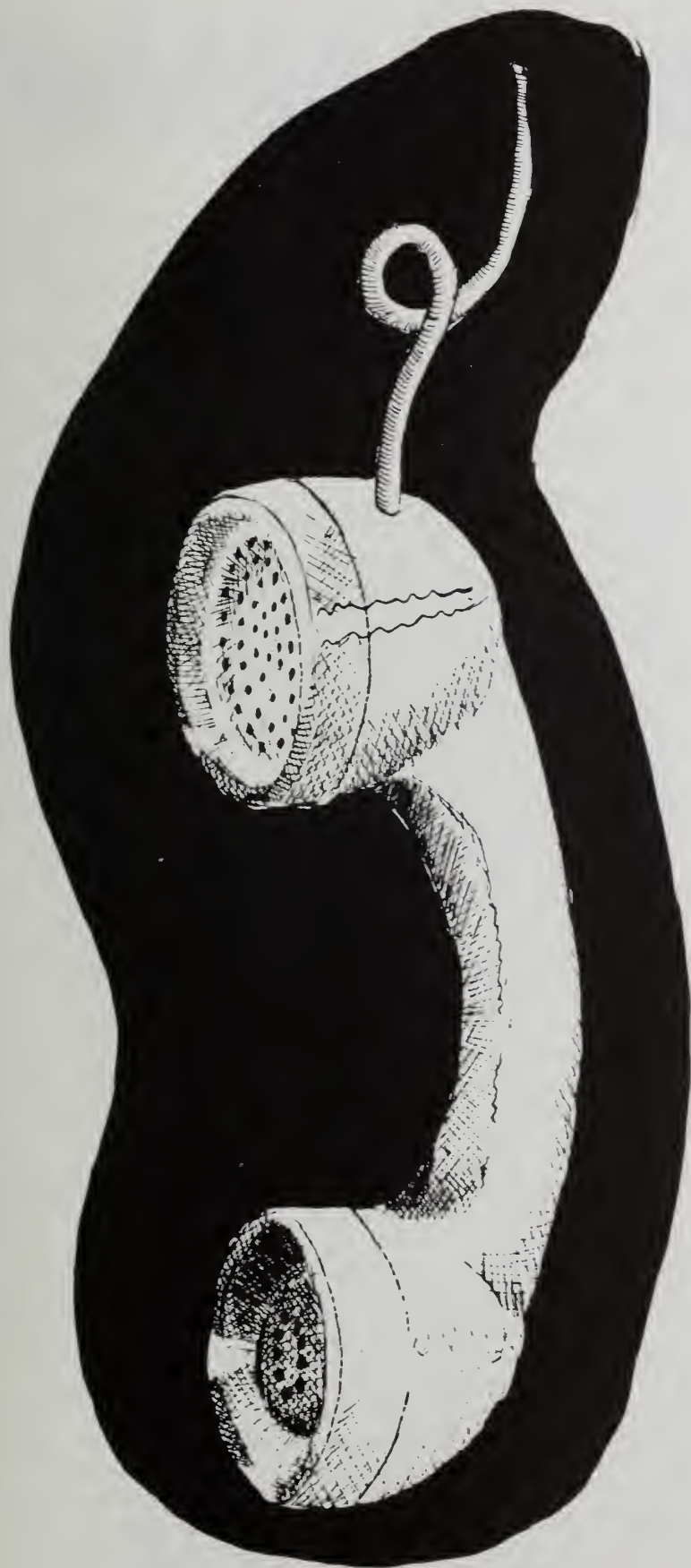
As it rose to a breathtaking
peak; as it seemed about to burst
like a glowing night sun—
it fell.

It lost a little of the glow
of the sparkle
of the light so illuminating—
of the twinkle—

I saw it touch the earth,
dissolving—I felt a tear
at its sweet, untimely end—

Until I looked to the sky
and saw left just one tiny glittering spark
and I saw in its hopeful struggle to survive
light enough
to shame the sun and
warm the heart
of God.

DENISE Y. LEWIS



By BILL CHERRY

The Bomber

The Packages are Prepared.

"deliver the devices
to defined destinations."

"do not forget your coins
for the telephone warning."

"wear your gloves until
you recross the bridge."

"Good Luck."

all according to plan.

telephone out of order.

kiosk occupied

coins bent

time short
flee across the bridge

Sirens and Cries
Nor artificial limbs
will heal all the scars.

Across the bridge
A man boards a bus.

JOHN O'DONNELL

John is a native of Dunlewey, Ireland.

Thoughts on Teacher

TEACHERS: Should “Prod, Shame, Flatter . . .”

By LYNN ANDREWS

The teacher is paid a slim salary, invested with the grudging trust of the state, and expected to hammer into the heads of hundreds of students a year the knowledge that will supposedly enable them to become literate and productive; and the average college student, a veteran at fending off what seems to him useless busywork, does all he can to resist the onslaught. Because of this impasse, the academic standards at Northwestern, as at perhaps every other small state university today, are low, and teachers must do all they can to prevent their dropping any further.

Problem: How can the teacher induce a student, day after day, to do (and learn) the things he or she does not like doing and learning? One answer: By using to the max his inborn sneakiness and guile, along with whatever force of personality he is able to summon up each day under the burden of fifty types of record-keeping, his suspicion that he is attempting an impossible task, and the inevitable weariness that follows the attempt to grapple with a student attitude of “So what?”

A term one finds again and again in the methods textbook of the teacher is “motivation,” a word that symbolizes the teacher’s hardest challenge and most important responsibility. Nowhere are students more in need of motivation to learn than in college, and though it is always argued that a student is an “adult” by the time he reaches the university, the fact is that we college students are not totally adults — we have not yet been weaned away from heavy dependence on others, both emotionally and financially. Even older students need praise, encouragement, and occasional harshness from their teachers; they need to be prodded, shamed, and flattered into wanting to learn.

The odds are against the teacher in his struggle to transform docile children into thinking adults, and many times this moral obligation is left unmet

— buried under stacks of term papers, tests, and the routine of daily work.

Curiously, many of the same students who regard lectures with indifference want to put the teachers themselves on a pedestal. Teachers and other adults often do nothing to discourage this. A friend of mine went through grammar school convinced that teachers were such lofty beings they never went to the bathroom. Such idealization of the teacher, which is to be found even on the college level, is harmful. A paragon may be fine to worship from a distance, but how can such a being be expected to comprehend the needs and problems of “mere” students? Teachers, while they must realize that their personalities and private lives are often a little too public for comfort, should not neglect the students’ need for “realistic” role models with which they can identify. Many students feel that their teachers have no real conception of what life outside of school is like and treat their teachers as quaint beings to be humored but not taken seriously. The good teacher should not accept being typecast.

As a teacher should not fear to appear “human,” so also he should not fear to “bend” on occasion: If a teacher finds himself unable to justify requiring his students to memorize the first twenty lines of *Beowulf*, he will seem less an ogre if he admits it, drops the requirement, and accords his class a victory in that particular skirmish.

While the classroom war is a real — and at times fierce — conflict between the students’ inertia and the teacher’s responsibility, there are rewarding truces, brought about when the teacher manages to communicate to the students his concern for them and for their education, and when he motivates them to believe that what they are expected to learn is not all garbage. Since there are talented and genuinely concerned teachers, compromises are sometimes reached, and in the classrooms of a few, really first-rate teachers, there comes to exist a state of detente.

Student Responsibility

STUDENTS: Must Look to Themselves

By RICHARD N. FLETCHER

Many of us enter university life with preconceived notions about deep discussions and stimulating conversations, but there are an equal number of students who embark upon a college education without ever having given it any serious thought. Rather, it is viewed simply as a matter of course, an accepted progression from one stage of life to another. Herein lurks a monster, because for many college is anything but progression.

For some reason, we often do not progress, but find a comfortable slot, an accepted norm, and in that state we stagnate. Day-to-day routine leads to desensitization, a lack of awareness, and life begins to appear less satisfying and rewarding, whereas, if one learned to cultivate awareness, life might be a truly adventurous, exciting and satisfying domain. Thoreau was so right when he said, "We live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that that is which appears to be." The whole superficial approach to education, indeed to life, leaves me puzzled about my fellow students. The accepted attitude of many seems to be to perform only the most meager of intellectual efforts in an effort to "get by." Have we become so calloused, so media oriented that individual responsibility and honest effort have disappeared? I hope not. Well, I am digressing from the subject, but this unnamed pervasive "attitude" seems to be growing. I do not mean to belabor the point, I only want to make some sense out of an outwardly calm, but inwardly chaotic situation.

For example, a student enrolls in a course which is required in his curriculum, but for that reason only. He sees it only as a requirement to be fulfilled, and not as an opportunity for individual growth. His interest wanes and so does his class attendance. Granted, some professors are lackluster, but does that mean that they have nothing to offer to their students? John Dewey is

said to have lacked all the qualities of a good teacher, but his contributions to education and American thought are inestimable. It is a sad aspect of our society that so much emphasis is placed upon appearances and packaging, and the fact that one must be sold on something before one can accept it. I don't propose that students walk around sullenly, contemplating the nature of life and education all the time, I simply ask for a return to a conscientious approach to daily life. Our heads need not be forever absent from the rest of our bodies.

We've arrived. High school is behind us, and however much we might want to exist in such a milieu, safe and with a measure of security, it's just no longer possible. Ours is a gradual transition to maturity, to that point when our youth-oriented culture no longer focuses on us, but rather on our children. To be ready to meet the responsibilities which accompany maturity, we must be sensitive to our world and ever striving to adapt and improve, not in an expedient manner, but in one which will result in genuine positive growth. To accomplish this, you and I must begin now to help ourselves. We cannot depend upon teachers or parents or anybody else to instruct us in the fine art of growth — it is a simple matter of acceptance on our part of a not so simple set of circumstances, over which we have no control, and of proceeding from there. We determine our future, both as individuals and as individuals who comprise a society, so that our collective strengths will emanate from our strengths as individuals, and our collective weaknesses will emanate from our weaknesses as individuals. While this may seem far from the concerns of you who are my contemporaries, I beg of you to consider what I have said, and to formulate your own opinions. Each day must be met with a conviction and determination to realize our own innate possibilities.

Sno-Balls and Other Crazy Things

A Short Story

By

SONDRA SMITH

Annie would always remember coming home from school every day, alone. She'd been given a gold and shiny key that opened the front door and today, as usual, the key was in her wallet. Emerging from the outside into the dark cool of the big room and seeing the furniture on display gave her that same creepy feeling. Visitors were not allowed here. Their foreign feet would crease the nylon pile and fingerprint the walnut veneer.

NOBODY. That's what her mother had said and Annie did what her mother told her; well, almost everything. Annie wasn't allowed to move anything in this room, or in any of the other rooms. Can you imagine how hard that would be for a child to walk about or play or be a child and never move anything?

Annie could "see" her face now, her mother's face, when she'd get caught. She would show Annie a sneer. Her teeth were white and incredibly even. She would bitch at her then and start to yell. Annie would try to stop the yelling without holding her hands over her ears, and that's a very hard thing to do. Mother would point to whatever was out of place and smile as if she'd worked through some minute and intelligent point of deduction. Annie would shudder, internally, because any sign of movement would result in her being hit in the face. When Annie would get to be a big girl, she'd hate being hit in the face, and when she was, something inside her would be scared and trapped, and very young.

Mother got Annie on the dust. On the patterns of dust or how the dust shifted about after the child would move something. And the child had to move from the big room to the smaller kitchen and then back to some other place and wait, quietly, until an adult came home.

On the kitchen table was a scene that Annie would later add to her childhood memories. On top of the table, one of those white Formica's, were two objects just for her—a pink SNO-BALL and a bottle of Coke. One of those small glass bottles of Coke

that had miraculously kept cold all day and was just now starting to sweat in the warming afternoon. She would then sit in front of this object of desire and begin to devour it as quickly as she could — Praying, as she ate, that none of the spongy crumbs and sticky filling would escape onto the spotless floor under her shoes.

And so the afternoon would pass for Annie. Day after day, in the same fashion. Mother wouldn't allow her to go outside and play with the smelly kids that "ran the neighborhood" and Annie longed to be with them.

But on this school day Annie ran outside. She ran to the Wash House. This "magic house" was a place of constant activity. People were always standing around in small groups, trying to talk above the roar of the machines, and there were children — all over the place!!!

On this particular afternoon the only occupants her age were what her mother would have definitely called "smelly." Their clothing hung from their frames. Dirt was under their fingernails and in the creases of their necks. To Annie, their voices sounded like warm and gentle winds on her lonely ears and she was very glad to be here — at last.

The "spokesman" for the group was an older boy, with long oily strands of hair trailing into his eyes, who was "lecturing" to the younger children. He was describing the way to do...it...and how to have fun...and where to put your...thing. The average age of his listeners was, Annie guessed, four or five. The really young ones were finding the empty boxes of detergent more interesting than this conversation.

Annie found the whole scene fascinating. She would remember it many years later when, on a sandy beach, she would lose something very valuable and feel much like the kids that were examining the detergent boxes in a wash house she once visited.

A Guide to the New Wing of The Museum of Archaic History

By JAMES SUDBURY

Good afternoon and welcome to the latest addition of the Museum of Archaic History. As you know, the Museum of Archaic History chronicles earlier human civilizations, the A.D. era, The Age of Anarchy, and the early beginnings of our Post Logic era. This new section of the Museum is dedicated to furthering the understanding of the most puzzling phenomena of ancient man, social diseases. Our particular emphasis is on the 20th Century A.D., a time when social diseases were rampant. A complete accounting of the origins and spread of these diseases has yet to be documented due to the inherent difficulties we encounter in analyzing the motives and actions of illogical ancient man.

Of the many social diseases which once plagued mankind, one of the most perplexing seems to have evolved from a viral infection of the brain. Tentative analysis and classification have proved inconclusive, but the resulting affliction has been common named laborunionitis.

If you will join me in walking down the corridor, we will examine some of the artifacts which we have accumulated in our research into these eradicated maladies.

Our medical historians have discovered a striking similarity between laborunionitis and another of ancient man's social diseases, that one common named typhoid. Both seemed to have been contagious and spread by human vectors, that is, persons who carried the virus.

On your far left you will see a portrait of one of the most infamous vectors of all time. Note the sinister eyes and the prominent jowls akin to those of the canine species bulldog. This has led to some speculation that this human disease vector was a son of a female bulldog, however evidence has proved inconclusive. Most often he was referred to as a "meanie," or one who could exert his charismatic powers of influence on the masses and render them helpless by his presence. He would often stand before large groups of humans, (known as conventions), and babble and howl incoherently. This action would completely mesmerize the convention. After he had exhausted himself totally, the convention would rise to its feet and then it, too, would begin to howl and babble incoherently. This gives credence to the hypothesis that the disease effused from the mouth of the vector and was borne by the vector's hot expiratory air. Theorists believe that the incubation time of the disease was equivalent to that of the vector's babblings because, in every instance, the convention would rise to its feet after the vector's effluvium had ceased and begin to exhibit the same symptoms of

the disease. The death of this infamous man seems to have resulted from a combination of factors. The mysterious cryptic message linked to his death is contained in these words: "Congress Upholds Taft-Hartley 14B — Defeats Common Situs." Our medical theorists believe that as laborunionitis began to spread exponentially, the national government supported the development of a vaccine known as "14B" by a virologist known as "Taft-Hartley." Presumably, this vaccine was administered to our infamous disease vector and, as a result, his AFL-CIO (Associated Functional Limbs and Common Internal Organs) reacted in allergic fashion, thus precipitating their dissolution into compost, but even after his death the symptoms of laborunionitis continued.

As we proceed you will notice again on your left the portrait of another notorious vector of the period. In an attempt to quash his ability to spread laborunionitis, he was first quarantined for an extended length of time, but this proved ineffective. Whereupon he was released and mysteriously disappeared. Evidence supports the hypothesis that during his period of quarantine, certain antibodies against his particular strain of laborunionitis developed, so that upon his release from quarantine he was attacked by these antibodies and destroyed. Although he did not exhibit the extreme character disorders associated with our most infamous disease vector, he was said to be very arrogant and possessed an extremely "huffy" personality.

The antibodies seem to have been closely associated with a large solid molecular compound known as cement. Apparently the vector was encased in cement and then deposited in a large areal unit known as an ocean. This cure was known to be effective.

Here we have the only known diagram of the virus. We suspect that ancient man was aware that laborunionitis was caused by a mutant viral strain, as records indicate that common viral diseases such as colds and flu were denoted as infectionary while those of the laborunionitis type were labeled inflationary. The diagram is indicative of this. The steadily rising lines and the large geometric blocks of red are called indices of inflation. Presumably, ancient man extrapolated that laborunionitis was highly contagious and extremely debilitating.

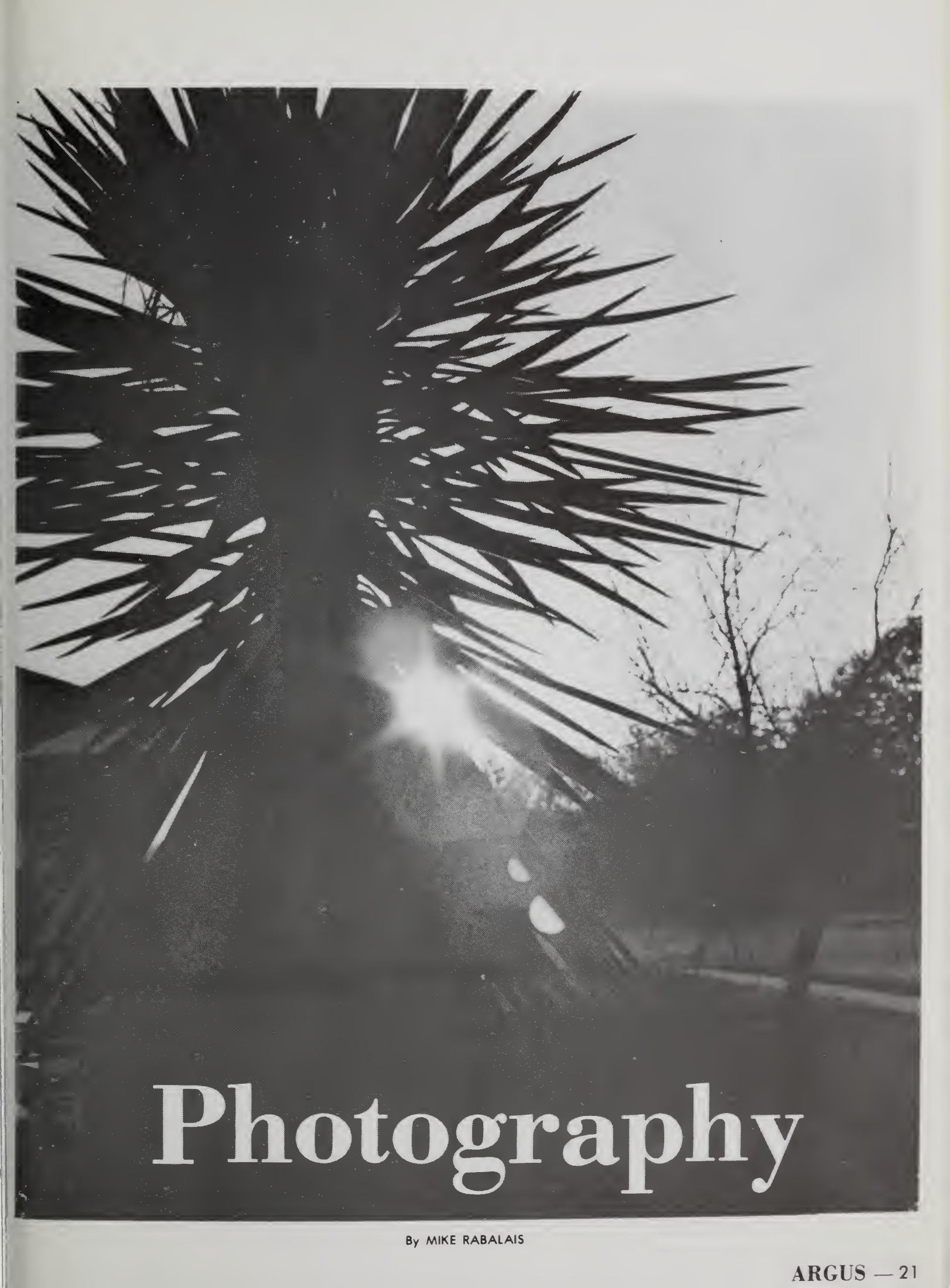
Naturally a disease of this magnitude and intensity had its side effects. Our medical historians have tentatively identified three which appear to have been universal, namely, Bluecholera, Floridavititis, and a chronic addiction to a substance called coffee. Of the three, coffee addiction seems to have been the most serious. Anyone afflicted with laborunionitis developed an addiction to this substance to such a degree that if it were not available at their place of activity they would not be

able to perform the smallest of tasks. As you can see here on the left, we have procured one of the metal strainers used to distill this substance. It seems that this strainer was used to serve large numbers of people who in the middle of their activity would suffer such acute cravings that they had to quit whatever they were doing and attempt to satisfy their coffee cravings. There were two peculiar facets to this addiction. The first was the frequency and consistency of these cravings and the amount of time needed for administration of the supposed sedative. The second strange occurrence was the victim's constant complaining about the medication combined with an incessant verbal praying for it. These unexplained aspects are currently being researched in our department of psychological history.

Naturally a disease which produced such strong and persistent physical side effects would also produce those of a psychosomatic nature. This collage here on your right is a collection of newspaper illustrations showing the results of this mental aberration found in victims of laborunionitis. The illness is called striking. This name is probably derived from the similarities of cause to effect where the erratic and disastrous effects of lightning striking were observed to be so close to those of this laborunionitis byproduct that the name was borrowed to denote the latter. Some credence is given to the hypothesis that this illness was infectionary in nature since some of its victims were called "scabs." Other victims would lapse into schizoid behavior, haphazardly roaming outside their place of activity, but refusing to go in while they moaned that they could not go in. A similar illness in preceding centuries had been known as St. Vitus Dance, an illness in which the victim suffered a similar mass derangement for no known reason.

In an attempt to find a cure for this illness, ancient man resorted to religiously oriented ideas. The semetic system of tithing was used to raise research funds. These monies were called "dues." Archaic computers etched the amounts of this tithing on long strips of paper. We believe that ancient men kept such meticulous records to please their gods. All those nearing the place of activity, victims or not, were compelled to tithe, another strong indication of its religious nature. As far as we can tell, none of the accumulated funds ever produced an effective cure.

Well ladies and gentlemen, that brings ut to the end of this first tour of the new section of our historical foundation. We are hoping to enlarge the facilities in the future as we acquire more and more of the confusing data on this subject. We hope that you will join and support us in future endeavors as we attempt to unravel the advent of ancient man's social diseases.



Photography

By MIKE RABALAIS



By JOHN HAAG



By JOHN HAAG



By GARY HARDAMON



By STAN TYLER



By STAN ALOST



By STAN ALOST



By MIKE RABALAIS



By WALLY STILES

By JOHN HAAG



By MIKE RABALAIS

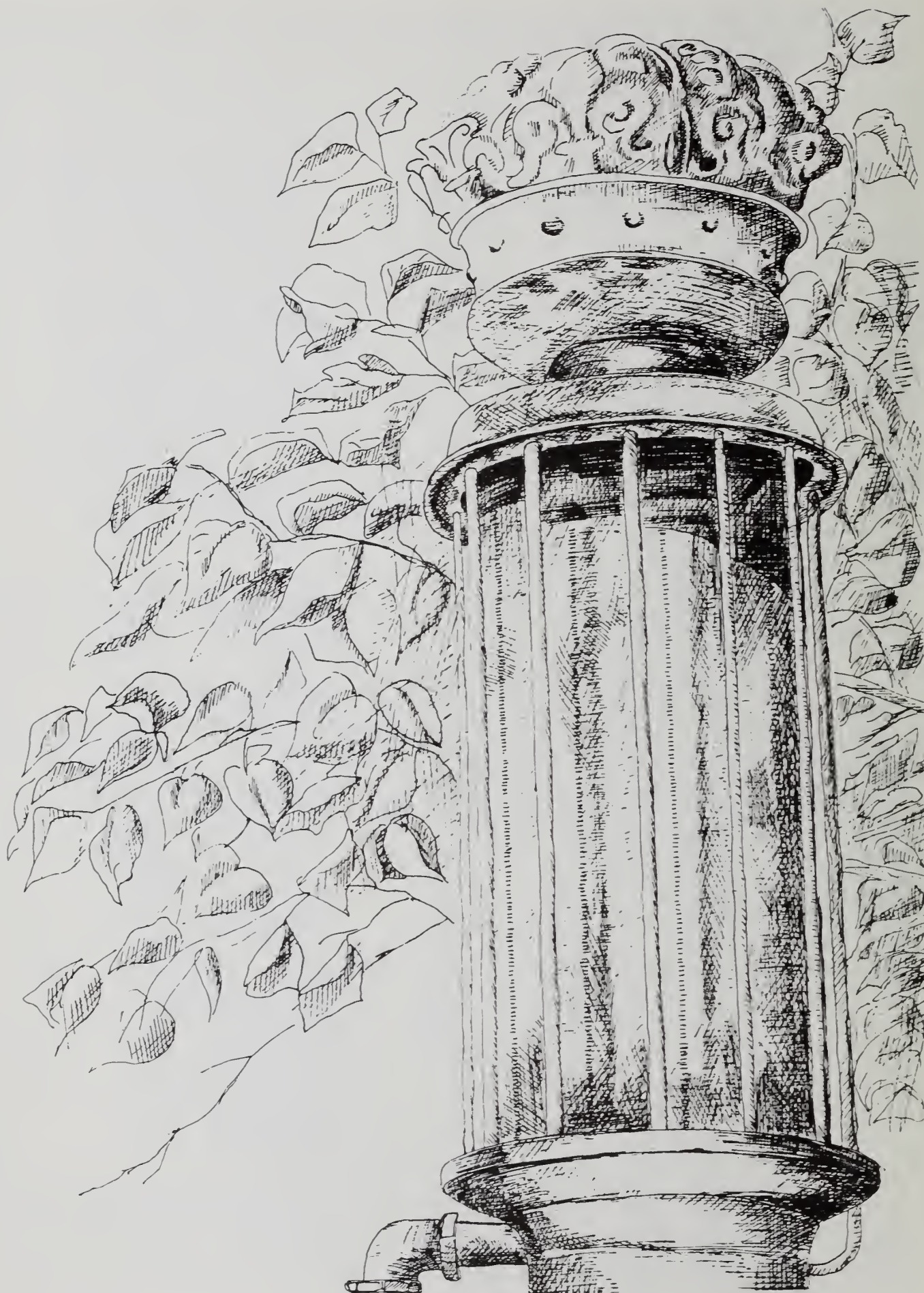


By MIKE RABALAIS



**ART
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ART**

ADRIENNE BORDELON "GIRAFFE" Woodcut



KEN TRACY

UNTITLED

Pen and Ink



STEVE WELLS

"CONNIE"

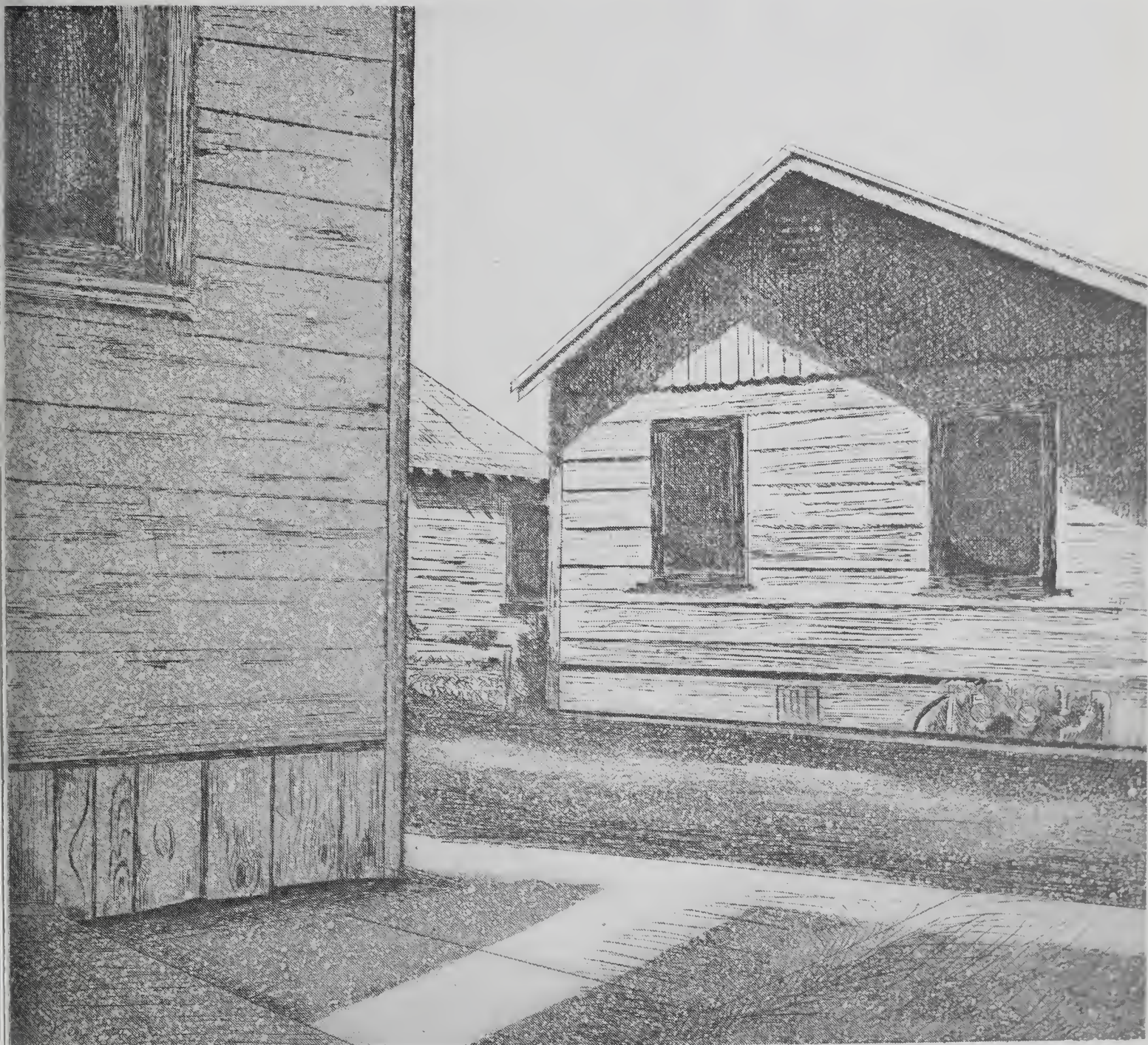
Pencil



KEN TRACY

UNTITLED

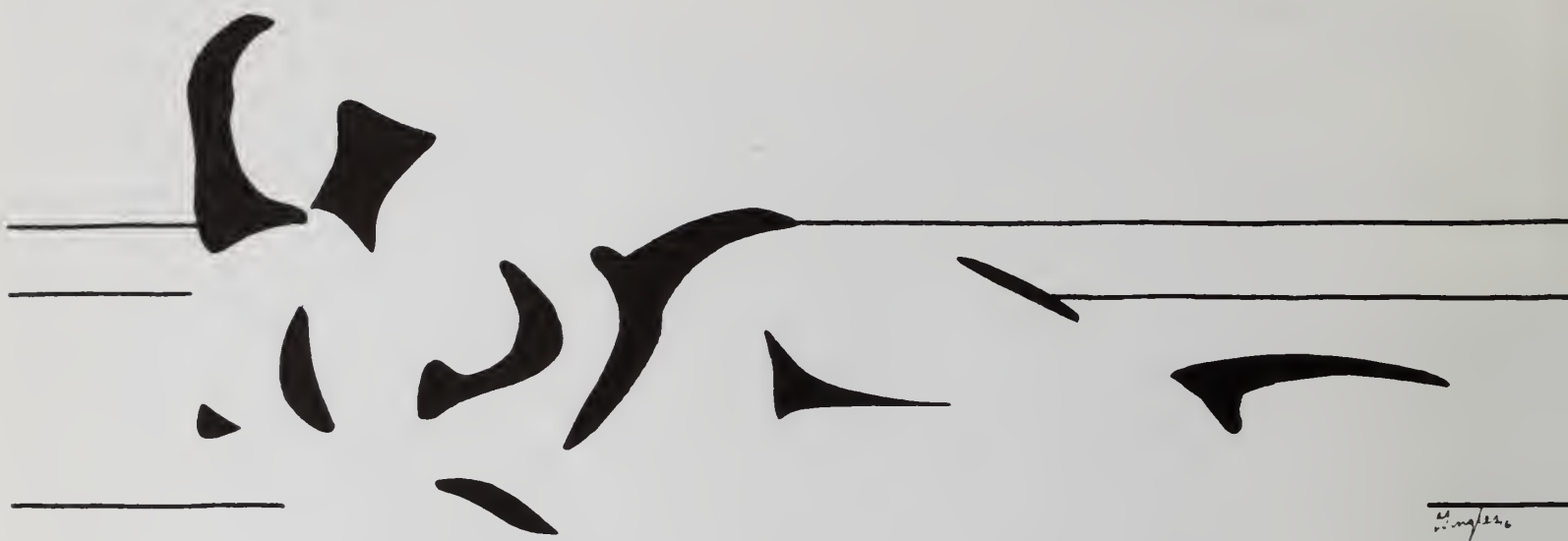
Pen and Ink



N TRACY

"BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA, '52"

Lithograph



BILLY RAY GINGLES

RECLINING NUDE

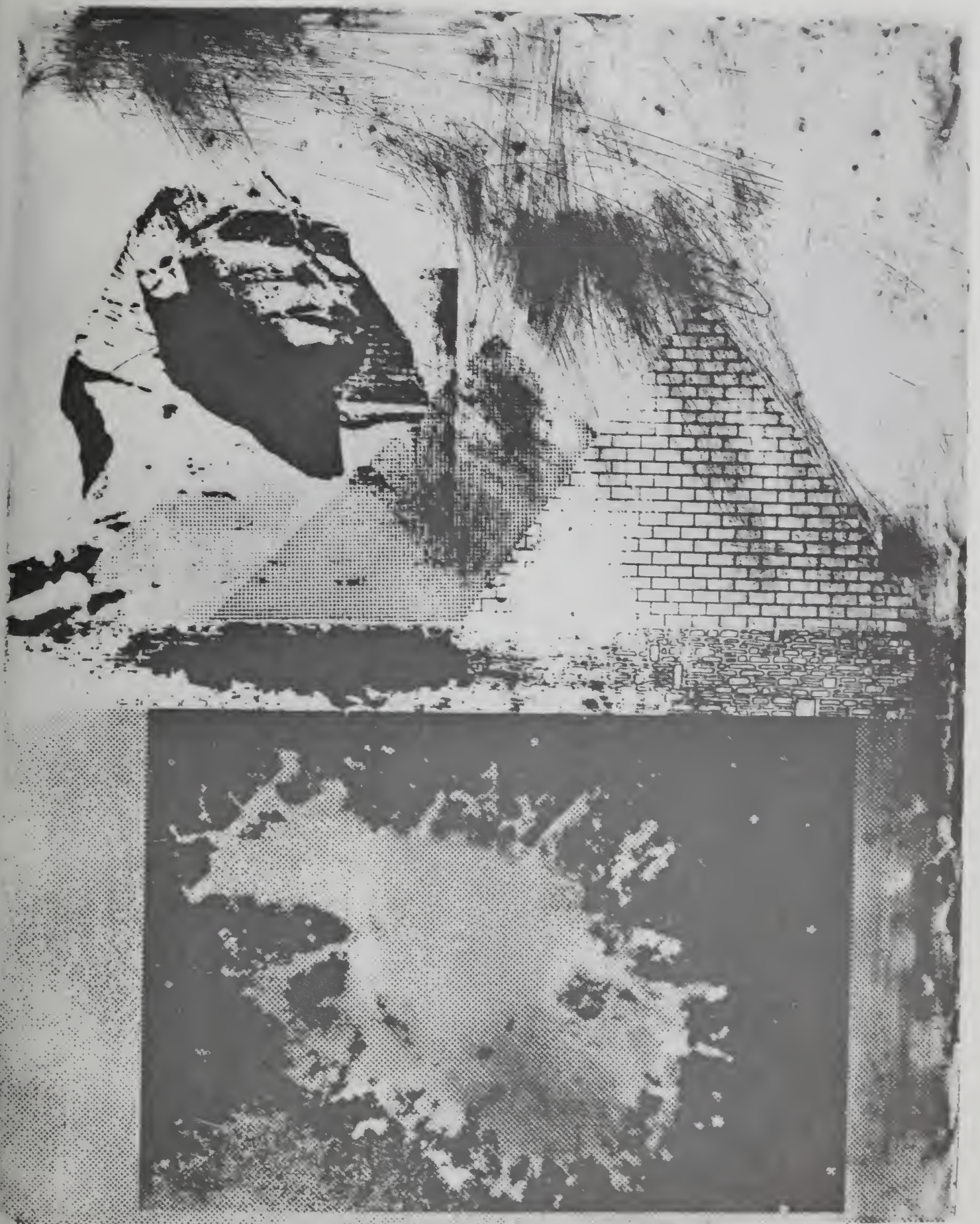
Felt Tip



ADRIENNE BORDELON

"POSED"

Woodcut



CLYDE DOWNS

"THE ENIGMA"

Lithograph



CLYDE DOWNS

"ANIMAL SIGN"

Ink



ADRIENNE BORDELON

"SPOTTED HORSE"

Woodcut



RENEE RYAN

UNTITLED

Scratchboard

Who's Who in ARGUS

ROGER D. ADAMS — Roger is a sophomore Business Education major from Trout, Louisiana. He has served as a senator in the SBA and is very active in a number of campus organizations.

STAN ALOST — Stan is a senior at Natchitoches Central High School and plans to enter Northwestern this summer.

LYNN ANDREWS — Lynn is a senior English Education major. She plans to teach after she receives her Masters.

ADRIENNE BORDELON — Adrienne is a senior Art Education major from Alexandria. She works mostly in woodcuts and watercolors and loves horses.

MARIE H. CHENEVERT — Nettie, as she is known to her friends, is pursuing a Bachelor of Music Education. She graduated from NSU in 1969 with a Bachelor of Music degree and received her Masters of Music degree in 1970. She is an award winning writer, having received the National Council of Teachers of English Award as a senior in high school and the Poetry Award from the College Writer's Society of Louisiana in 1969.

CLYDE DOWNS — A graduate art student, Clyde is interested in ancient art and culture, especially Egyptian and Meso-American. Although he considers himself mainly a printmaker, he also paints in acrylics. He will receive his M.A. this spring.

RICHARD N. FLETCHER — Richard is a junior English-Social Sciences double major from Port Arthur, Texas.

ALLEN M. FORD — Allen is a student at Northwestern's Fort Polk campus. He is a native of California.

BOB GADDIS — Bob is a senior General Studies major from Coushatta. His interests are centered around his concern for the environment and conservation.

BILLY RAY GINGLES — A freshman from Logansport, Billy Ray is pursuing a B.A. in art. Aside from serving as resident art critic for the ARGUS staff, he has also been recognized as Artist of the Month for his outstanding contributions to the Art Department. His favorite artists are Van Gogh and Robert Raushenberg.

JOHN HAAG — John serves as university photographer and is director of photography at NSU.

GARY HARDAMON — Gary is a native of Natchitoches. He is a sophomore majoring in P.E.

DENISE Y. LEWIS — Denise is a junior majoring in Journalism and minoring in Spanish. Her poetry in the Fall issue of ARGUS was incorporated into the Reader's Theatre production entitled "The Eye Alone."

JOHN F. O'DONNELL — Sean is an Elementary Education major from Dunlewey, Ireland. He is a member of the NSU track team and runs middle distances. His favorite authors include Samuel Beckett and John McGahern.

MIKE RABALAIS — Mike is a senior from Alexandria and is an assistant in the photography department at NSU.

SCOTT ROSE — Scott is a native of Virginia Beach, Virginia. He enjoys painting and is an accomplished guitarist.

KIM RUSHING — Kim is a sophomore Sociology major from Baton Rouge. She is an editor of ARGUS and is also President of Periaktoi.

RENEE RYAN — Renee is a freshman Equine Science major from Odessa, Missouri. She works in scratch board, oils, and watercolors.

SONDRA SMITH — Sondra is a graduate student pursuing an M.A. in Clinical Psychology. She is a native of Alexandria.

WALLY STILES — Wally will receive his M.S. in geology in May. He is an avid photographer and connoisseur of beautiful women.

JAMES SUDBURY — James is a senior majoring in Business and German and hails from Oklahoma and Pennsylvania.

KEN TRACY — Ken is a graduate student in art. He is a painter as well as a sculptor and potter. He is a native of Alexandria and has a dog named Binga.

VICTORIA TUCKER — The founder of ARGUS, Vicky will graduate this spring with a B.A. in English. She served as Editor-in-Chief of the Fall 1976 issue of ARGUS, is a member of University Players, the Fine Arts Committee, and has been a Bat-Girl for the baseball team. A native of Bossier City and graduate of Airline High School, she will enter LSU in the fall to pursue an M.A. in English.

STANLEY E. TYLER — Stan is a Journalism-Public Relations major from Colfax. He enjoys bass fishing and hunting.

STEVE WELLS — Steve is a sophomore Advertising Design major. He works in oils, watercolors, and pencil, and is especially fond of doing portraits in pencil.

